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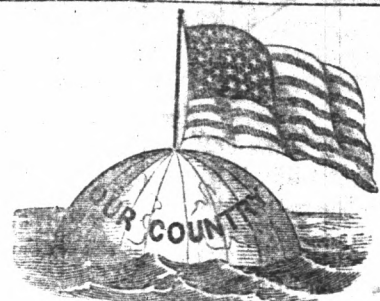
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Quincy



Union.

"LIBERTY AND UNION—NOW AND FOREVER—ONE AND INSEPARABLE."—Webster.

VOL. 2.

QUINCY, PLUMAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

NO. 33.

APRIL 20, 1864.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

Three years ago to-day
We raised our hands to heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to heaven.

Oh! 'twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!
Spirits rang the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
Two hundred march to-day;
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banquet board,
With seats for thirty-seven;
There were two limped in on crutches,
And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the cup
As we toasted "Our flag and land!"

And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with clucking throats, we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats.
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
As we rose up, just eleven,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead
Who had made us thirty-seven!

—[New York Paper.]

THE FATE OF PEG WOFFINGTON.—Once, when advertised to appear in a favorite part, she pleaded indisposition and declined to go to the theatre. The next night, on coming on as "Lady Jane Grey," she was greeted with a storm of hisses, and a demand that she should beg pardon. Then she walked off the stage in magnificent scorn, and when, not without difficulty, she had been induced to return, she calmly faced her excited audience with a "now then" sort of look, and tacitly said: "On or off; it must be as you please; to me it is a matter of perfect indifference." The treatment was successful, and up to the time of her last appearance she had nothing but pettings from her audiences. This was in Rosalind, in 1767. When she came on early in the fifth act she complained of being ill, but rallied, changed her dress and once more trod the stage defiant of fate. Again she yielded to the coming blow, but her self will carried her to the epilogue, and she began with awful gayety the words, "If I were among you I'd kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me—" when the once saucy tongue was smitten with paralysis, and Margaret Woffington, with a shriek of abject terror, and amid the cries of a commiserating audience, disappeared from the stage forever. In the meridian of her beautiful but weary calling, and ashamed of her life, poor Margaret died, penitently and slowly, at Teddington; so slowly that the end did not come until three years after she was dead on the stage.—[Temple Bar.

CALIFORNIA WINE.—A Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, writing under date of April 25th, says: "The statement of Mr. Cole, of California, in the House to-day, that California is one of the principal wine-producing countries in the world, and the figures he gave in connection with this statement, have produced a favorable impression upon the House. Your correspondent has lately been examining this subject, and consulting some statistics; and he finds that the amount of wine produced in California the past year amounts to nearly three hundred thousand dollars. The prevalent feeling in the House is now decidedly in favor of a low tax on wine. Mr. Blow, of your State, as a member of the Committee of Ways and Means, has exerted his efforts in favor of taking off the tax on native wine almost entirely. Not only California, Ohio, and Missouri, but the whole country is interested in this measure."

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL GRANT.—It is said that when General Grant was going down to Washington, recently, when the train having attached to it the special car stopped at Brandy Station, some soldiers who were waiting to go down, asked if they could not get into the car. "No," was the answer of an officer; "this is General Grant's special car." Whereupon Grant, who was sitting by the window, spoke out and said: "General Grant occupies but one seat; the soldiers can ride."

ARKANSAS SCENES.—An arduous Paymaster, who has been through Arkansas is publishing his diary in the St. Louis Democrat. We give some extracts:

"Called at a farm house for forage; the men folks were with Price's army; the woman had been to the funeral of a neighbor. I asked her if any clergyman was present; she gave me an idiotic stare. I then asked her if they ever had any missionaries in that country.—She replied, 'Yes, but they have back-slid right smartly.'"

"At this place the Government is issuing half-rations to the starving women and children. It is a sight to see them flock around the Commissary office. One woman with a large family of boys and dogs, made her appearance. The mother was mounted on a one-eyed mule, and the oldest boy, a promising lad of eighteen, was trying to spit tobacco juice in the mule's eyesocket at a distance of twenty feet. Captain Turner came along and asked the boy where they got so many dogs. He replied, 'We haven't got many now, the blamed Feds killed them all but eleven.'"

"Historians will not have to go back of 1864 to find instances of savage cruelty and torture. The soldiers tell the most horrible stories of rebel barbarity. It is said there are hundreds of women in Arkansas, to-day, who have had their feet burnt to a crisp by guerrillas, to make them confess where their gold and silver is buried. They even pull out their toe nails with bullet moulds. Arkansas is overrun with guerrillas and bushwhackers, the legitimate offsprings of rebellion, and the families of Union people and rebels alike are fleeing to our lines for protection."

"My clerk is a very sensitive and modest young gentleman; he was very nearly annihilated to-day by a young woman who demanded of him 'a claw of Lincoln tobacco,' meaning the manufactured article. Of course he weakened. He did not kiss her once for her mother. Instead of Lincoln tobacco, some of them call it 'that ar flat truck.' In justice to Arkansas I do not believe these people are fair representatives of the people before the war. I suppose the wealthy and educated people and the niggers went South and joined the fortunes of the Confederacy, while the poor white trash was left behind. I am of the opinion that the negroes were the middling class in Arkansas. The negroes of the intelligent whites had greater facilities for gathering information than the afore-said white trash. And wherever I have been in Dixie I have found the blacks looking down on the poor whites."

"The woods were filled with refugees. It looked like a demoralized camp-meeting. Here we saw new sights, heard new stories. My space will not allow me to mention many of them. I saw one old man who had all his family with him. He was living with his third wife, and he had twenty grown daughters and six sons! He was seventy-seven years old, and seemed very proud of his success in this respect. He intimated with sympathy truly refreshing, that there might be other pledges of affection in store for him."

"A soldier of Company C, 2d Arkansas, gave me two dollars and ten cents in silver, for the Sanitary Fair. This I shall pass over to the ladies when I arrive in St. Louis. Doubtless this money has been in some bushwhacker's pockets, and could it speak what a tale it might tell. The bushwhackers are cleaning the country of gold and silver. Our soldiers report having killed one who had fifteen thousand dollars upon his person."

"My diet the past two weeks has made me about sick. All one finds to eat in this country is pork and corn bread, made from unsifted meal. I am inclined to think that slavery is not the only cause for making the people of Arkansas barbarous. Their diet is vicious. If pork, whisky, and tobacco will not make a people devilish I do not know what will. Charles Lamb's essay on roast pig is very pretty on paper, but I think Charles had some nice celeriac, besides other choice vegetables to go with it."

A lady occupying room letter B, at a hotel, wrote on the slate the following: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'Let us be,' don't let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B, who is to call at half-past seven." The porter, a better boot-black than orthoraphist, did not know at seven whether to wake "letter B," or "let her be."

AN INCIDENT AT CHATTANOOGA.—At one point there was a lull in the battle—at least it had gone shattering and thundering down the line, and the boys were as much "at ease" as boys can be upon whom, at any moment, the storm may roll back again. To be sure occasional shots, and now and then a cometary shell kept them alive; but one of the boys ran down to a little spring, and toward the woods where the enemy lay, for water. He had just stopped and swung down his canteen, when "tick," a rifle ball struck it at an angle and bounded away. He looked around an instant, discovered nobody, thought it was a chance shot—a piece of lead—you know, that goes at a killing rate without any malice pretence; and so, nowise in firm of purpose, he again bent to get the water. Ping! a second bullet cut the cord of his canteen, and the boy "got the idea;" a sharpshooter was after him and he went to the right about and the double-quick to the ranks. A soldier from another part of the line made a pilgrimage to the spring, was struck and fell by its brink. But where was the marksman? Two or three boys ran out to draw his fire, while others watched. Crack went the unseen piece again, and some keen-eyed fellow spied a smoke rolling out from a little cedar. This was the spot then; the rebel had made him a hawk's nest—in choice Indian, a Chattanooga in the tree—and, drawing the green covert around him, was taking a quiet hand at "steepie shooting" at long range.

A big, blue-eyed German, tall enough to look into the third generation, and a sharpshooter withal, volunteered to dislodge him. Dropping into a little runway that neared the tree diagonally, he turned upon his back, and worked himself cautiously along; reaching a point perilously close, he whipped over, took him as he lay, and God and his true right hand "gave him good deliverance." Away flew the bullet, an instant elapsed the volume of the cedar parted, and, "like a big frog," as the boys described it, out leaped a grayback, the hawk's nest was empty, and a dead rebel lay under the tree. It was neatly done by the German man grown. May he live to tell the story a thousand times to his moon-faced grandchildren.—[B. F. Taylor.

AN IMPORTANT ENTERPRISE FOR SONORA.—A plan has been formed, and a company is forming in San Francisco for the purpose of boring artesian wells in Sonora, to supply water to extensive tracts of fertile arable lands, and rich placers. The lands are in narrow valleys bounded by high mountains, upon which considerable quantities of water fall during the rainy season, but the moisture is soon dried up by the hot sun. In those places suitable for farming, the soil is deep, black loam, which, when irrigated, will produce unsurpassable crops of corn, tobacco, cotton, and wheat. The placers are known to be rich, for they have paid the Mexicans' peons for dry-washing during many years; and one man, who had a good sluice, can work over a hundred-fold, as much earth, as he can by the dry process. An exclusive privilege for boring artesian wells in Sonora was obtained from the Mexican Government by the person who is at the head of the enterprise, and the State Government approves the grant.

SECRET OF ELOQUENCE.—I owe my success in life to one single fact, viz: At the age of twenty-seven I commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in a forest, and not infrequently in some distant barn with the horse and cow for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and modeled my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentleman, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Caesar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affection, and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day.—[Henry Clay.

We have heard of a desperate fellow who swore that he would commit suicide or perish in the attempt.

CONSTERNATION IN A RESPECTABLE FAMILY.—We regret to say that through the blundering of a countryman, one of the first families of Boston was recently thrown into a state of consternation and indignation, which it is impossible to describe. For awhile serious consequences were apprehended, but after proper restoratives were applied and explanations made, the family were enabled to eat their meals with the accustomed regularity and relish. The misunderstanding was caused in a singular manner, and can in a measure, be attributed to the number of military "heroes" who infest the city. It seems that the cousin who caused the trouble is a native of Vermont, and now on a visit to an uncle in this city. One evening during the recent spell of cold weather, the only daughter of the house, a lady of seventeen, whose delicacy is a part of her nature, and whose mind was entirely above earthly things, with the exception of the opera, new dresses and a carriage, remarked one evening in the presence of her cousin and her family without a word of warning, that she was fearful of freezing if she went to bed. Her mother was about to offer some expression of consolation, when the cousin (rude that he was) remarked in a loud tone, so loud that every one heard him: "Why don't you take a Major to bed with you?" There was a faint shriek, and Henrietta was observed to fall senseless on the plush sofa. Her position was noted, however, for the grace and careful manner in which her crinoline was adjusted.

"Wretch!" cried the father, "you have murdered my daughter with your vulgarity."
"Monster!" exclaimed the mother, "how could you? and such delicate nerves as she has, too."
"I swear," yelled the Vermont, with a doleful look, "I didn't mean—"
"Silence, sir!" cried the brother, who had attempted to receive a commission as brigadier general and failed, only because he belonged to a home guard, and knew, therefore, too much about military affairs.
"Darn it, won't you—"
"No, sir!" cried the enraged parent, "a man that recommends my daughter to—"
"But I didn't mean it!" screamed the Yankee, but no attention was paid to his words.

"She revives—she revives—the shock has not killed her," the doting mother said, bending over her child and kissing her. "It was a cruel blow, but you must bear up, darling."
"Darnation, won't somebody listen to me?" cried the perplexed Vermont.—
"I don't mean that Hen. should sleep with a real live major—one of them malicious (militia) officers; in course I didn't. I wanted her to do as our gals do cold nights. They heat bricks and put to their feet, and up in our parts the gals call them majors. That's what I mean, and what's the use of a fuss about it? That's what I want to know."
"It seems that we are laboring under a mistake," said the head of the family, "but when there are young ladies in the room I don't think I'd mention such things. The ladies of the city are too delicate for such vulgar names."
The Vermont promised to be more careful in future, and the family are doing well.—[Boston Paper.

A GEM.—We are told that far down through the ocean, fair white shells are constantly falling, like snow-flakes in a breathless winter day, that strew, with downy drifts, the prairie of the sea. So the rude wrecks and unsundered dead must in the course of years receive a silent burial, as if one should hide a sleeper's form with leaves of lilies, and the winds pass them by unstirred. This shower is made of microscopic shells, they say, but in reality the old miniatures of nameless tribes that once held atoms of the life that fills the creation; the old armor of warriors fought their sparkle of a day and died; now, through the dense heaven of a sea, laid gently down upon that plain. No storms are there, no change of seasons, and no murmur of the World.—Along that prairie they will lay the telegraphic nerve, and through these downy drifts the quick intelligence will come and go. Through that dumb realm will pass the brother's call to brother, round the world, and syllables of love and hope will pulsate like a heart within the rough Atlantic.

The young lady that kept her word has found it very useful.

The Quincy Union.

All Letters relating to the business affairs of the paper should be addressed to the "THE PLUMAS PRINTING COMPANY."

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS:
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.

A SECOND DIOGENES.—An old man of very acute physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the police court. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second hand in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business?"
"None, I am a traveler."
"A vagabond, perhaps?"
"You are not far wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference that the latter travel without money; the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"
"All over the continent."
"For what purpose?"
"Observation."

"What have you observed?"
"A little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at!"

"Humph! what do you commend?"
"A handsome woman who will stay at home; an eloquent preacher that will preach short sermons; a good writer that will not write to much; and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"
"A man who marries a girl for her fine clothes; a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands; and the people who elect a drunkard to office."

"What do you laugh at?"
"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit." He was dismissed.

MOUNT VERNON ESTATE.—It will be remembered that the grave of Washington with a few hundred acres of land connected therewith, was purchased, a few years since, by the patriotic ladies of the nation, assisted by Edward Everett. The property was owned by a traitor bearing the sacred name of Washington—a distant relation of "the Father of his country"—(as distant as hell is from heaven)—who has since been killed in the rebel service. The price demanded for the precious bones was \$20,000, which was paid. It is now stated that the keepers of the Mount Vernon estate are all traitors—that not a loyal foot treads the premises, except when visitors are present. Is not this a burning shame, and an infamous disgrace, that should claim the consideration of the Government? The bones of Washington in the care of traitors? We would as soon trust the devil with the sacred relics of the church.—[San Jose Mercury.

FANNY FERN thus beautifully expresses the feeling of utter loneliness and desolation—the "strong yearning and passionate pain"—of those who are written homeless: "We sometimes think it is only the homeless who can understand in its full meaning, the word 'Home!' Think what it must mean to those whose desolate hearts no smile cheers; who pass daily thousands of their fellow creatures intent on their own errands of business or pleasure, to whom their life or death is a matter of no moment; who look into the pleasant windows as they pass, and see the well filled table, while they hunger and thirst but often more eagerly for companionship than for food! Then think what it must mean when sickness and death shall come, and life ebbs slowly away, and the ear aches listening vainly for a friendly footfall, and the soul faints with longing for a kindly pressure of a loving hand, as the dark valley appears in sight. Ah! well for such when this poor life is over, and the brightness of another existence dawns upon the soul."

An enrolling officer in Maryland called for all the males in the family at a lowly cottage, and the old lady, who was the only one at home, after naming several, stopped short. "Is there no one else?" asked the officer. "No," replied she, "none except Billy Bray." "Billy Bray! where is he?" "He was at the barn a moment ago," said the old lady. Out went the officer, but he could not see the man. Coming back, he questioned the old lady as to the age of Billy, and went away, after carefully enrolling his name. The time of the drafting came, and one of those on whom the lot fell was Billy Bray. No one knew him. Where did he live? The officer who enrolled him was called on to produce him; and lo! behold Billy Bray was a jackass! and stands now on the list of drafted men, as forming the quota of Maryland.

Who is the largest man?—The lover; he is a man of tremendous sighs.

apiece."

TO FILL UP THIS SPACE

The Quincy Union.

JOSH BILLING'S LITANY.—From the many friends, and from things at lucc ends Good Lord deliver us.

From a wife who don't luv us, and from children who don't like us, Good Lord deliver us.

From snails in our boots, from torch-light processions, and from all nu rum, Good Lord deliver us.

From pack-peddlers, from young folks in luv, from old aunts without money, and from kolera morbis, Good Lord deliver us.

From wealth without charity, from pride without cense, and pedegrees worn out, and from all rich relashuns, Good Lord deliver us.

From newspaper sels, and from pills that ain't fistic, from females who faint and from men who flatter, Good Lord deliver us.

From virtue without fragrance, from butter that smells, from nigger camp-metings, and from cats that are courtin', Good Lord deliver us.

From other folk's secrets, and from our own, from mormons and megiums, and wimmin committees, Good Lord deliver us.

From politycians who pra, and from saints who tipple, from ri koffee, red herrings, and all grass widders, Good Lord deliver us.

The Silver Mountain Bulletin says some rascals of that burg, inflamed with strong drink, utterly regardless of the vengeance of wooden gods, and unrestrained by any admiration for almond eyes, tails or chopsticks, made a foray into the atomicke of one Hop Lee, and played the devil generally. The proprietor, who is not related, and bears no resemblance to his namesake, the rebel chieftain, refused to draw up his forces, and offered no resistance. The account of the outrage, which I gave to the reporter in the following words: Mow pin ki kong, tu naw mow yip fi see go jun ya gown chin, yet go yan, tink no hoy, com som chow chow, sim se loco bit, sow got ti license qui, no num, sam chu. Chinamen all saume one sheep, he no likee fight, Melican! he too muchee sabe fight; what for—me no likee." The Bulletin expresses a hope that the offenders may be hung.

Good Advice.—A few weeks ago a young foreigner made himself remarkable at one of the rouge-et-noir tables, in Baden Baden, by his reckless and desperate gambling. For many hours in succession he had invariably lost upon every point upon which he had ventured. At length, taking a single golden Napoleon between his finger and thumb, he showed it to the croupier. "Here," said he, "is the last piece of gold of which I am now the owner. Where, my friend, would you advise me to put it?" "Monsier," replied the croupier, "as you ask my opinion, and appeal to me as a friend, and tell me that it is your last Napoleon, my advice to you is to put it—in your pocket."

Affectionate Woman.—Good-looking men must be scarce or at a great discount in Markleeville, judging from the following from the Chronicle:

"We have heard of the woman that kissed the cow, but we have seen the woman that kissed the horse. A few days since a team arrived here from below, when one of Markleeville's fairest daughters came out of the house and putting her arms around the neck of one of the leaders, deliberately "smacked" him. The horse, by whining and rubbing his face against the lady, seemed to appreciate it. It appears that the horse had been brought over the plains by the lady, and had become very much attached to her, and it was no doubt reciprocated, as her kind act proved.

MEASUREMENT.—The following table of the number of pounds of various things to the bushel, may be of interest to our readers:

Wheat, sixty pounds.
Shelled corn, fifty-six.
Corn on the cob, seventy.
Rye, fifty-six.
Barley, forty.
Potatoes, sixty.
Brass, twenty.
Clover seed, sixty.
Timothy seed, forty-five.
Flax seed, forty-five.
Hemp seed, forty.
Buckwheat, fifty-two.
Blue-grass seed, fourteen.
Castor beans, forty-six.
Dried peaches, thirty-three.
Dried apples, twenty-four.
Salt, fifty.

The greatest triumph of English alliteration, according to the London Quarterly, is the following line, composed by a young lady in the year 1760, on the occasion of a gentleman planting a lane with lilacs:

"Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane."

PRESIDENT Lincoln's thin appearance demonstrates that the Presidency is not a fat office.

PRISONERS ESCAPED.—Joseph Coffin and Bob Durkin, two of the hardest cases out of San Quentin, escaped from the Marysville jail, Monday afternoon last, by throwing a rope on the window of the Marshal's office, by which means they scaled the jail wall. The Marysville jail is fast acquiring a reputation for frequent escapes; in fact, ranks nearly as high in such disgraceful official negligence as our own county formerly did.—[G. V. National.

A RECENT philosopher discovers a method to avoid being dunned! "How? how? how?" every body asks. Never run in debt!

Why is a naughty boy like a postage stamp? Because he is licked and put in the corner to make him stick to his letters.

"Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" said a brother Judge to Curran.

"Nothing but the head," he replied.

"I am on the trail of a deer," as the fellow said when he stepped on the skirts of one of the street-sweepers.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

Physicians are the nutcrackers used by angels to get our souls out of our bodies.

A CONFECTIONER advertises broken hearts at twenty-five cents a pound!

HYPER LAW.—Always hit above the belt.

Advertisements.

DR. L. J. CZAPKAY
RETIRING FROM PRACTICE OF
Medicine.

He will receive and attend to all New Cases of an Acute and Chronic Nature, until the 1st day of July, 1864.

All cases committed to Dr. Czapkay before the 1st day of July, will be attended to by himself until cured.

All those afflicted, who may desire to secure the services of Dr. Czapkay will apply by letter, or personally, to him before the 1st day of July, 1864, as after that date he will attend only to those cases under treatment.

CARD.

DR. L. J. CZAPKAY begs leave to announce to the public, and particularly to his patrons on the Pacific coast that he is about to close the business, with a view of retiring for the present from the arduous labors of his profession.

As it is his intention, during the ensuing fall, to leave the United States, for the purpose of visiting Europe, he will not receive any new patients after the 1st day of July, 1864. Those, therefore, who may desire his services, will apply within a reasonable time.

Doctor Czapkay desires to assure those who are now under his care, that they will continue to receive all the attention which his obligations prescribe and their cases respectively demand.

Those who hold Contracts, guaranteeing a cure are hereby requested to report to Dr. Czapkay, before the 1st day of June, 1864, whether or not they are satisfied that a cure has been effected in their cases respectively. All who do not thus report within the time specified will be regarded and treated as cured.

In taking leave of his patients and the public, Doctor Czapkay desires to express his profound gratitude for the extraordinary patronage bestowed upon him, and the confidence reposed in his professional ability.

During his residence in California, Doctor Czapkay has treated successfully

Upwards of 25,000 Patients.

Which is the best guarantee that his course of treatment has been rewarded with a success at once personally gratifying, and almost unprecedented in the annals of medicine.

Any physician in good standing, who may desire to purchase the interest of Doctor Czapkay in his "Institute," and the good will of his business, may make application and state proposals.

Address Dr. L. J. CZAPKAY, Medical Institute, Sacramento Street, below Montgomery opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's. office, San Francisco.

To Correspondents.

Patients residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Czapkay on their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. L. J. Czapkay takes this opportunity of observing, that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be superfluous, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

CONSULTATION GRATIS. Permanent cure guaranteed or no pay.

Address L. J. CZAPKAY, M. D. San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN SCHWARTZ

BOOT & SHOEMAKER,

OPPOSITE THE PLUMAS HOUSE,
QUINCY CAL.

Boots and Shoes made or repaired at short notice and on reasonable terms. n23-1f.

BENTON HOUSE,

Commercial st., above U. S. Branch Mint,
San Francisco.

F. J. HANLON, Proprietor.

Bill of Prices:

[From and after October 1st, 1862.]

Boarding, per week, with Lodging \$6.00
Single Meals, 25
Twenty-one Meal Tickets for, 2.00

Advertisements.

M. S. ASCHHEIM & CO.,
Main Street, Quincy.

Indian Valley, near Taylor's Mill.

They invite attention to their

FALL AND WINTER STOCK

—OF—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Consisting of
BOOTS AND SHOES,

CLOTHING,
GROCERIES,
LIQUORS,
CROCKERY,
MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS, &c.,

Which they offer to the public at the lowest reasonable rates.

Quincy, Oct. 21, 1862. 1-1f

EXCHANGE SALOON.

MAIN ST., QUINCY, CAL.

THE BAR

is well supplied with the best of
Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

BILLIARDS.

Two of Phelps & Co's. Modern BILLIARD TABLES with combination cushions are in use at this Saloon.

JAS. H. HOUCK, Proprietor.

22-1f

BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

MAIN ST., QUINCY.

THE SUBS RIBER WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the public that he is now prepared to do every kind of work in his line such as

Horse, Mule & Ox Shoeing,

Wagon Ironing, &c.,

PICKS made to order, or sharpened on short notice.

JOHN WALKER.

n21-1f.

STOVES & TINWARE!!

HARDWARE

TINWARE

J. A. KEENEN,

Taylorville, Indian Valley.

Dealer in

Cooking, Box and Parlor Stoves, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Coal Oil, Lamps, Window Glass, &c., &c., &c.

Tin, Copper and Sheet Ironware

constantly on hand, and made to order.

Air, Hydraulic, Gas and Lead Pipe

furnished at the shortest notice.

JOBBING of all kinds done with neatness and dispatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

All Orders promptly attended to. Goods furnished at Marysville Prices For Cash.

Taylorville, Aug. 24th, 1863. 28-6m

BLACKSMITH AND TIN SHOP.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN THE BUILDING lately occupied by Charles Miller and thoroughly refitted the same, is now prepared to furnish every description of work in the TIN and BLACKSMITH line. He has a good supply of the Copper, Zinc and Sheet Iron, and has one of the best workmen in the State. The Blacksmithing department will be conducted by experienced workmen, and under the general superintendence of the undersigned. His stock consists in part of—

Anvils,

Bellows,

Cooking Stoves,

Parlor Stoves,

Box Stoves,

Crow Bars,

Shovels,

Tongs,

Tin Ware,

Copper Ware,

Plated Ware,

Miner's Tools,

Iron and Steel.

And every description of goods usually found in any establishment of the kind. He has a complete assortment of Hardware, consisting in part of CARPENTER'S TOOLS, MILL SAWS, HAND SAWS, &c. He has also a good supply of CROCKERY which he will sell at the lowest cash prices. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine his stock.

MARK PIXLEY.

QUINCY, November 18th, 1862. n5-1f

SUSANVILLE BREWERY!

SUSANVILLE

HONEY LAKE

VALLEY.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN THE BUILDING lately occupied by Charles Miller and thoroughly refitted the same, is now prepared to furnish every description of work in the TIN and BLACKSMITH line. He has a good supply of the Copper, Zinc and Sheet Iron, and has one of the best workmen in the State. The Blacksmithing department will be conducted by experienced workmen, and under the general superintendence of the undersigned. His stock consists in part of—

Anvils,

Official Directory.

Union State Central Committee.

FOR JUDICIAL DISTRICTS.

1st.....Chas. R. Conway
2d.....Chas. Pierce
3d.....H. Robinson
4th.....Jas. T. Hoyt
5th.....C. O. Barton
6th.....Frank Tukey
7th.....Jas. H. McNabb
8th.....S. G. Whipple
9th.....Frank Harmon
10th.....D. W. C. Rice
11th.....W. H. Rogers
12th.....John Martin
13th.....H. G. Melane
14th.....S. D. Bosworth
15th.....John Bidwell
16th.....Francis Tibbets
17th.....J. R. Buckbee
Nathaniel Holland, Chairman. James T. Hoyt, Sec'y.
Gardner H. Cushing, Treasurer.

Members at Large.

Nathaniel Holland, Lewis Shearer, Gardner H. Cushing, James McClatchey, Harvey S. Brown.

Union County Central Committee

J. R. Buckbee, Chairman.....Quincy.
W. N. DeHaven, Sec'y.....Marion.
B. F. Baker.....Butte Bar.
E. V. Spencer.....Susanville.
S. J. Clark.....Quincy.
J. R. Lockwood.....Longville.
R. Thompson.....Spanish Ranch.

STATE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

F. F. Loe.....Governor
T. N. Machin.....Lieut. Governor
John Connors.....Senator
J. A. McDougall.....Congressman
T. B. Shannon.....Congressman
C. Cole.....
W. H. Hilly.....Sec'y of State
R. Pacheco.....Treasurer
G. Outton.....Controller
J. G. McCallough.....Clerk of Supreme Court
W. P. Hays.....State Printer
O. S. Clages.....Harbor Commissioner
C. L. Taylor.....Surveyor General
J. F. Loughton.....Superintendent of Public Instruction
O. L. Shaffer.....Supreme Judge
A. L. Rhodes.....
J. Curry.....
S. Sawyer.....
S. W. Sanderson.....

COUNTY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Court.
Warren T. Sexton.....District Judge
J. R. Buckbee.....District Attorney
Terms.—Plumas County. Second Mondays in January, April, July and October. The January term may be held at any time between the second Monday in January and the first Monday of March of each year.
F. M. Smith.....Senator
R. A. Clark.....Assembly
A. Miller.....Chm. Board of Supervisors
J. Ford.....
E. H. Pierce.....Sheriff
L. C. Charles.....Under
W. W. Kellogg.....Clerk
S. J. Clark.....Treasurer
A. D. Hallstead.....Assessor
J. L. L. Peel.....Surveyor
L. F. Cate.....Coroner
W. S. Price.....Public Administrator
A. S. Price.....Sup'l Schools
J. S. Root.....Dep'y Federal Tax Collector
S. F. Sabury.....Assessor
B. F. Baker.....Dep'y Protost Marshall

County Court.

A. P. Moore.....County Judge

Terms.—First Mondays of January, March, May, July, September and November.

Board of Supervisors.

Terms.—First Mondays in February, May, August and November.

Justices of the Peace.

TOWNSHIPS.

Quincy Valley.....A. J. Gifford
Indian Valley.....A. Brown and E. Wallick
Susanville.....N. K. Wright and E. Metcalf
Washington.....B. B. Stevens and M. B. Sturgis
Quincy.....M. Brownson and A. Stewart
Honey Lake.....J. S. Ward and A. H. Barnes
Rich. Bar.....S. Goodrich

Plumas County Agricultural Society.

President.....J. W. Thompson
Secretary.....D. R. Cate
J. E. Edwards.....Treasurer

VICE PRESIDENTS.

R. A. Clark.....Richmond Hill
J. H. Yates.....American Valley
T. M. Blackmore.....Rich. Bar
R. A. Flournoy.....Indian Valley
L. Stark.....Honey Lake
J. B. McGee.....Jamison Creek

On motion, it was

Resolved, That the next annual Fair be held in the town of Quincy.

QUINCY

MEAT MARKET,

Main street, opposite the Court House.

A GOOD SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS OF MEATS, of the best quality, constantly on hand.

JAS. E. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Quincy, Jan. 28, '63—n15-1f

WHITING & CO'S

EXPRESS.

Daily to Marysville;

There connecting with

Wells, Fargo & Co.

Langton & Co.,

Holland, Morley & Co.,

To all parts of California, the Atlantic States and Europe.

Bills of Exchange

Procured of Wells, Fargo & Co., payable in all

the principal cities in the Atlantic

States and Europe.

COLLECTIONS AND COMMISSIONS

Promptly attended to.

TREASURE

Shipped to the lower Cities at reasonable rates.

We will not be responsible for valuable letters unless our receipt is given for the same. We send

WEEKLY EXPRESSES

Indian Valley,
Round Valley,
Honey Lake,
Rich Bar,
Junction Bar
And all other points in Plumas county.
WHITING & CO.
Quincy, Oct. 28, 1862.

QUINCY UNION

NEWSPAPER & JOB

PRINTING OFFICE,

The Proprietors take this occasion to

inform the citizens of Plumas and adjoining

counties, that they possess facilities

unsurpassed by any office in the mountains for the performance of every style of

PRINTING,

—SUCH AS—

POSTERS,

HANDBILLS,

PROGRAMMES,

SHOW CARDS,

BILLS FARE,

BILLS LADING,

BALL CIRCULARS,

BILLETS,

LABELS,

TICKETS,

LEGAL BLANKS,

BLANK RECEIPTS,

ADDRESS CARDS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

LEGAL BLANKS,

And in fact, almost everything that can

be printed; and the principal recommendations for their work are the

Low Prices At Which It Is Done,

AND ITS SUPERIOR

STYLE AND ELEGANCE.

QUINCY

MEAT MARKET,

Main street, opposite the Court House.

A GOOD SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS OF MEATS, of the best quality, constantly on hand.

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Quincy, Jan. 28, '63—n15-1f

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Indian Valley,
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